

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

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STAMPED 5d.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that, previous to her departure on a provincial tour, she will give a MATINEE MUSICAL OF CLASSICAL MUSIC at the St. James's Hall, on Saturday next, January 15, to commence at half-past Two o'clock, supported by Signor Platini, Herr Louis Ross, Mr. Doyle, and Mr. Lazarus. The pianoforte will be in the centre of the Hall. Seats, 10s. 6d. anns. 7s.; reserved seats, 5s.; unreserved, 2s. 6d. May be obtained at Miss Goddard's residence, 47, Welbeck-street; at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, Cheapside; Hammond's and Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street; Ollivier's, Old Bond-street; Leader and Cock's and Chappell's, New Bond-street, where a plan of the room may be seen.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—St. James's Hall. On Monday evening next, Jan. 10, Monday, Jan. 17, Monday, Jan. 24. Vocalists: Madame Viardot Garcia, Miss Poole, Miss Stobach, Mlle. Bibrache, Mlle. de Villar, Miss Lascelles, Miss Mossent, Miss Ramsford, Miss Eyles, Miss Leffler, and Madame Landau. Signors Lichesi and Dragone, Mr. Santley, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Sims Reeves, and the Swedish singers. Harmonium, Herr Engel; concertina, Sig. Regondi; pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa stalls, 5s.; reserved seat (balcony), 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s., may be obtained at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Cramer and Co.'s, 20, Regent-street; Chappell and Co.'s, No. 50, New Bond-street.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor, Mr. COSTA. Friday next, January 14th, Mendelssohn's ST. PAUL. Vocalists: Madame Ruderodoff, Miss Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. H. Barnby, and Signor Belletti. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. ed. each, at the Society's Office, 6, Exeter Hall.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S JUDITH.—The first performance in London of this work will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 8, 1859. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of taking part in the chorus, which will consist of 200 picked voices, are requested to make immediate application to Stanley Lucas, 210, Regent-street, W.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Lent Term commences on Monday, January 17th, 1859. Candidates for admission must attend at the Institution for examination on Saturday, the 15th instant, at Two o'clock.

By order of the Royal Academy of Music, Committee of Management, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, January 4th, 1859. J. GIMSON, Secretary.

MR. AGUILAR HAS REMOVED from 151, Albany street, to 17, Westbourne-square, W.

A MUSICAL NOVELTY.—Master DREW DEAN, Flautist (pupil of Mr. Richards) Ten and a-half years of age, who has had the honour of performing before Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, may be engaged in town or country. Address, 15, Compton-street, Brunswick-square, London.

WANTED, in an extensive Music Warehouse in the provinces, a first-class Tuner.—Address, with testimonials, H. W. P., care of Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street, London.

MUSIC AND SINGING.—M. VASCHETT, Professor of Singing at Her Majesty's Theatre, continues to give lessons in singing and the pianoforte. For terms, &c., address 1, Great Vine-street, Regent-street, W.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, an Old-established Pianoforte and Music Warehouse, in one of the principal towns in the North of England, including a good tuning connection and several agents, affording a very eligible opportunity for a professional gentleman, the present proprietor (a professor of music) removing to London. For particulars, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

THE WELLINGTON HALL, LEEDS.—The most appropriate and elegant room in Leeds for Chamber Concerts, Drawing Room Entertainments, Readings, &c., &c., is the Wellington Hall, in connection with the Scarbord Hotel. For terms apply to Mr. Fleischmann, the proprietor,

MISS LIZZIE WILSON begs to announce that her FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the New Hall, Whittington Club, under distinguished patronage, on Thursday, January 27, 1859. Full particulars will be duly announced.

TO ORGANISTS.—An Organist is required for the Parish Church of Swindon, Wilts. Salary £250 per annum, of which sum £10 will be contingent upon the efficient teaching of a class of boys who sing in the church. The Organist will be required to undertake the management and conduct of the choir. There are two services on Sundays, and one in the week. The organ is a fine and powerful instrument, by Gray and Davison, having two complete manuals from CC 8 feet to F in alt., German scale; swell from tenor C to F in alt., the keys below acting on the bass of the great organ; two octaves and two notes of pedals from CCC to B; twenty stops, besides couplers and compensation pedals. A competent and respectable professional gentleman will find a most excellent field for an extensive private practice. Copies of testimonials (not to be returned) and references as to character and qualification to be sent without delay and post-paid, to the Vicar of Swindon. A gentleman educated in a cathedral will be preferred.

THE ORGANIST of the Parish Church, Swindon, respectfully informs intending candidates for the appointment, that he intends continuing his practice of teaching, &c., in Swindon and its locality. Swindon, January 5th, 1859.



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A S GOVERNESS.—A lady of considerable experience requires a daily engagement. Acquirements: English, French, Music, and Drawing. Young children preferred. Address, M. A. B., Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24 and 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W.

WANTED, a young man competent to tune and regulate Pianofortes and assist in the business generally. One who can read pretty well at sight preferred. Board, lodging, and a small salary will be given. Apply by letter to J. E. Winsor, Music Warehouse, Newcastle, Staffordshire.

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DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your Harmonium; it is the best instrument of the kind I have ever heard.

Yours very truly,
ALFRED MELLON.

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PIANO may now be seen at the dépôt, 33, Soho-square. By the application of this principle a heavier string can be used, the result of which is, that the full power of grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, as in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For fulness and roundness of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

CHURCH MUSIC.—Price Eighteen Pence. A Selection of Standard PSALM AND HYME TUNES, of a sound and devotional character, adapted for the use of Parish Choirs and Churches. Edited and arranged by E. H. Thorne, Organist and Choir Master, Henley-on-Thames.

Price Eighteen Pence. A Selection of SINGLE AND DOUBLE CHANTS. Edited and arranged by E. H. Thorne.

Also, Price Three Pence, CANTICLES, DIVIDED FOR CHANTING. London: W. Wells Gardner, 7, Paternoster-row.

PIANOFRONTES.—PRECEPTOR.

TEGG'S IMPROVED PIANOFORTE PRECEPTOR, containing the rudiments of music clearly explained—art of fingering—position at the instrument—the scales, both major and minor—vocabulary of terms, &c., together with preludes and lessons. By JAMES F. HASKINS. London: WILLIAM TEGG & CO., 85, Queen-street, Cheapside, E.C.

THE MAY QUEEN.—W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S Pastoral, "The May Queen." This new work consisting of an overture and ten vocal pieces is now published, complete 15s.; each piece can also be had separately. The choruses, orchestral parts, books of the words, and various arrangements, to be had of the publishers—Leader and Cook, 63, New Bond-street, corner of Brook-street.

FOR CHORAL SOCIETIES, CATHEDRALS, AND CHURCH CHOIRS.

D. R. J. G. ELVEY'S celebrated FESTIVAL ANTHEMS.—"In that day," price 5s.; Vocal Parts, 3s. 6d.; Orchestral, 9s. 6d. "Wherewithal shall a young man?" 3s. 6d.; Vocal Parts, 4s. "O be joyful in God," 6s.; Vocal Parts, 6s. Morning and Evening Service in F, 7s. 6d.; Vocal Parts, 6s. Royal Birthday Cantata, 3s. 4s. or 5s.; Vocal Parts, 5s.; Orchestral, 21s. "God save the Queen!" 2s.; Vocal Parts, 1s.; Orchestral, 4s.

London: Published by J. SURMAN, 9, Exeter Hall, Strand, and sold by Messrs. LONGMAN & CO., Paternoster-row, and all music and booksellers.

* Persons wishing to have the best and cheapest Oratories should order SURMAN'S EXETER HALL EDITION. Music on hire, and second-hand copies at half-price.

R. S. PRATTEN'S New Fantasia for the Flute, on subjects from "Marta," 5s.; his Valse Brillante, 5s.; Mazurka élégante, 3s.; Andante and rondo (à la polka), 3s., with pianoforte accompaniment. Also Madame Pratten's publications for the guitar, consisting of 6 songs, 31 pieces, including her arrangement of Paganini's "Carnaval de Venise." May be had of Mr. R. S. Pratten, at his residence, 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W.

JUST PUBLISHED.—"Farewell! if ever fondest prayer" ("Addio! se mai preghiere ardenti"), for a tenor voice, sung by Signor Gardoni and Mr. Sims Reeves, composed by H. S. Oakeley. Also, "Sempre più amo," and "A qui pese t'li?" by the same composer. Leader and Cook, 63, New Bond-street.

GRAND FANTASIA ON IRISH MELODIES.

Just published, price 3s. 6d., for the Piano, by Edouard de Paris, Op. 13. Also, by the same author, Grande Marche Brillante, Op. 11, price 3s. London: Messrs. Cocks and Co.

SATANELLA—BALFE'S NEW OPERA.—Opinions of the Press:—"There are some of his happiest thoughts in it."—*Athenaeum*. "It contains some of the prettiest music Balfe ever wrote."—*Era*. "We do not think that any of Balfe's previous works contain finer music than is to be found in this opera."—*Daily News*. The whole of the music is published by Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

SATANELLA.—Miss Louisa Pyne's celebrated ballad, THE POWER OF LOVE, price 2s. "Anything more affecting and beautiful we have never heard."—*Morning Chronicle*. "Tuneful, mysterious, charming."—*Athenaeum*. "The most charming melody Mr. Balfe has ever written."—*Daily Telegraph*. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

SATANELLA.—Miss Louisa Pyne's favourite songs are, "The power of love," 2s.; "Sultana Zulema," 3s.; "Wouldst thou win me," 2s. 6d.; "In silence, sat heart go," 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

SATANELLA.—Mr. Harrison's three favourite songs: "The glorious vintage of champagne," drinking song, 2s. 6d.; "An angel form," romance, 2s. 6d.; "No prize can fate on man bestow," ballad, 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

SATANELLA.—Among the numerous songs in Balfe's New Opera which are encored every evening are, "Our hearts are not our own to give," sung by Miss Isaacs, 2s.; "Oh would she but name the day," sung by Mr. St. Albany, 2s. 6d.; "Rovers, rulers of the sea," the celebrated pirates' song, sung by Mr. Corri, 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

SATANELLA.—Brinley Richards' arrangement of Miss Louisa Pyne's ballad "The power of love," from Balfe's New Opera, is now published for the pianoforte, price 3s. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

SATANELLA.—The favourite airs from Balfe's New Opera SATANELLA are, "The power of love," arranged for the pianoforte by Rudolf Nordmann, in two books, price 5s. each. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

L AURENT'S CHRISTYS' WALTZ, illustrated, price 3s. One of the best waltzes of this favourite composer. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

L AURENT'S LORD LOVELL'S WALTZ, comically illustrated, price 3s. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

L AURENT'S MAUD WALTZ, sixth edition, price 4s. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

"THE DRIPPING WELL," Adolph Goldmark's most popular piece for the pianoforte, price 3s. Second edition. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

THE HARMONIUM MUSEUM.—A Second Edition of this great work is just published, price 7s. 6d., in cloth, containing one hundred beautiful sacred and secular subjects by the following celebrated composers, adapted, without curtailment, for the Harmonium by Nordmann:

BEETHOVEN,
HAYDN,
PERGOLESI,
WEBER,
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DONIZETTI,
CURSCHMANN,

MOZART,
HANDEL,
MENDELSSOHN,
MEYERBEER,
BELLINI,
VERDI,
AUBER, &c.

The "Harmonium Museum" also contains an introduction by Henry Smart, describing the character and capabilities of the instrument, with general directions as to its proper treatment; also specimens of fingering from Schneider's organ school. The *Literary Gazette* describes it "as one of the best and most agreeably varied collections of music for this instrument." Price 7s. 6d., in cloth, post free from Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 24 and 28, Holles-street.

REVIEWS.

"A MORNING and Evening Service," composed for Carlisle Cathedral, by Mr. W. T. Best (Cocks and Co.), will be acceptable to those who believe that available church-music and twaddle are not necessarily synonymous. The "psalm-smiters," of course, will avert their faces from such a production; while clergymen, with a smattering of learning and a vast desire to show that off, will most probably object to it for reasons of their own. A few enthusiastic organists, however—in whom some authority over that which concerns them most, and could not easily be carried on without their assistance, is acknowledged—may try their hands and the voices of their choirs at Mr. Best's "Service," and in so doing assuredly repay themselves for their trouble. That it should be written with ability is only what was to be expected from the recognised acquirements of the composer. We wish we could add that it contained anything absolutely new in a musical sense; but, unfortunately, this gratification is denied us. The vocal quartet is distributed with skill and effect (although now and then a little difficult), and the organ accompaniment is masterly; *voilà tout*. Of pure invention, of musical expression beyond the ordinary routine, striking because *original*, we find no trace; nor, on the other hand, of any attempt to construct the several pieces on a consistent and symmetrical plan. Why the "Te Deum," "Jubilate," "Credo," "Magnificat," and "Nunc Dimittis," should not be set to regular movements; why, indeed, *form* should be so continually disregarded in this kind of music, we are at a loss to explain.

Here is the place to mention a "Hymn for Trinity Sunday," and "Seven Original Chants," by the Rev. J. Green, M.A., (Novello). The chants, if not "original," are good, with one exception (No. 4), in which the "tonality" is confused and unsettled. Take the first half, as example:—



The admirers of M. Hector Berlioz, as a composer, and they are many in this country, may now possess themselves of an English version of his last work of magnitude—*L'Enfance du Christ*, a "sacred trilogy" for which M. Berlioz originally supplied both words and music. This is now issued under the title of *The Holy Family*, "the English version imitated from the French," by Mr. H. F. Chorley, (Cramer, Beale and Co.) To criticise the pianoforte adaptation of a work by M. Berlioz, who relies almost exclusively for effect on his orchestral combinations, would be presumptuous; but, after the great success achieved by Signor Gardoni, at one of the Philharmonic Concerts, in the tenor air, (Part II., the *Flight into Egypt*)—

"Les Pèlerins étant venus
En un lieu de belle apparence—"

we see no reason why Mr. Hullah, Mr. Henry Leslie, or Mr. Benedict (Vocal Association) should not give *The*

Holy Family a trial, and so afford us all a fair opportunity of estimating its value as a musical composition. Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Chappell would cheerfully supply the choral and instrumental parts, to say nothing of full score and piano adaptation. Mr. Chorley seems to have performed his task most carefully, although a quaint rhyme peeps out here and there, as for instance:—

"Now hear ye, christian men, what crime and cruel anger,
In stern Judea's King by his terror was bred,
Also, how Heaven's host did watch the humble manger,
Till the parents with the Babe to the wilderness fled."

Mr. Macfarren's fine and thoroughly English *cantata*, which, under the title of *May Day*, obtained such well-deserved success at the last Bradford Festival, and has been winning golden opinions ever since, would seem also to have benefited the publishers (Cramer, Beale and Chappell), a second edition having been forwarded to our office. We have nothing to retract from the high opinion already pronounced both on the poetry of Mr. John Oxenford and the music of Mr. Macfarren. On the contrary, we are glad to be able to repeat, and with increased confidence, that *May Day* is one of the most admirable works of its composer, and one of the most valuable contributions ever made to our national school of music. Our readers will learn with satisfaction that it is to be performed at the first of the four concerts announced to be given in St. James's Hall, by the Musical Society of London.

A line may acknowledge receipt of the "Standard Course of Lessons on the 'Tonic Sol-fa' Method of Teaching to Sing," by John Curwen (Ward and Co.). The method itself, together with its practical application, has been discussed in the *Musical World*. Those who are interested in the question will do well to possess themselves of Mr. Curwen's "Standard Course," in which everything is minutely and comprehensively explained.

The "Elements of Musical Composition" (comprehending the rules of thorough-base and the theory of tuning), by the late Dr. Crotch, although not likely to endure as a standard work, should always be remembered and frequently consulted as one that has exercised some influence on theoretical studies in this country. Dr. Crotch, the predecessor of Mr. Cipriani Potter as principal in our Royal Academy of Music, cannot, even while we regard him as the very dryest of musicians, be passed over as an unimportant personage. His "Elements of Musical Composition," unsatisfactory in many instances and erroneous in others, still contain sufficient matter to interest the earnest musical student desirous of consulting every one who has written on music, and especially the theory of music, in a tone of authority. Messrs. Novello have therefore done well to include the book in their "Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge," in which it stands as No. 8 of the "Theoretical Series." Far more welcome, however, as a republication in a cheap and convenient form, is the recent issue from the same enterprising firm of the "History of Music," by Sir John Hawkins. Were Messrs. Novello to do the same thing for Dr. Burney, they would confer another and an equally great benefit on the musical world.

Of "Four Part-Songs for Male Voices," dedicated to the conductor of the Polyhymnian Choir,* and composed by Elizabeth Stirling (Novello), two have reached us:—a ser-

* Mr. W. Rea.

nade, "Sleeping, why now sleeping?" (words from Hoffmann), and "Disdain returned" (words by J. Dunston)—from a perusal of which we rise with a settled conviction that it is either a very easy matter to write part-songs (and therefore to gain the prizes offered by Mr. Henry Leslie), or that Miss Elizabeth Stirling, eager to commit herself to print, sets down the first ideas that may present themselves, altogether indifferent as to their character and merit. Out of a hundred part-songs thus improvised (by a composer without *genius* be it observed), we may perhaps get one such as "All among the barley"—but assuredly no more.

Some of the most favourite pieces from Flotow's *Martha*, (Boosey and Sons) including among the rest, the much admired romance, "Qui sola virgin rosa,"* with the invention of which Herr Flotow cannot be charged, and by the execution of which Angiolina Bosio almost made Irishmen believe she was a daughter of the Emerald Isle, warbling in an unknown tongue; "Il tuo Stral nel lanciar," the lively song which afforded Madame Nantier-Didié, her principal chance of distinction; the romanza, "Il mio Lionel," for barytone, which fell to Signor Graziani; and the sparkling duet, for Madame Nantier-Didié, and Signor Graziani; "Lo so ben," which, though extremely in the manner of Auber, is one of the most genuine pieces of music in the opera—may be passed over with the simple acknowledgment of their appearance.

Mr. C. J. Hargitt's setting of Mr. Desmond Ryan's graceful serenade, "The last Good-night," (Boosey and Sons), has already been reviewed, but, as a second copy has been forwarded, we may presume that the singing of Mr. Sims Reeves, combined with the merits of the serenade itself, have so stimulated the circulation as to warrant and call for a new edition—upon which fact we are happy in being able to congratulate poet, composer, and vocalist, to say nothing of publishers.

"The beating of my own heart," (Cramer, Beale and Co.) so often sung in public by Madame Clara Novello, has been mentioned on several occasions as one of the most attractive of Mr. Macfarren's recent essays in the ballad style. The verses of Mr. Monckton Milnes have been generally admired, and they could not have been wedded more happily or more congenially to music.

Mr. Tennyson's beautiful lyric, "O swallow, swallow, flying south," has been more than once set, but in no other instance so gracefully and in so kindred a spirit as by Miss Caroline Adelaide Dance (R. W. Ollivier). Miss Dance, we may remind our readers, is the young lady whose name was recently made public in a case which seriously compromised a stock broker, Oliver Lemon, of previously unsmiled reputation. Through the arts of this individual, upon whom the law has since pronounced sentence, Miss Dance was defrauded of a legacy which constituted nearly all she possessed in the world. Happily, however, having evinced in her childhood a remarkable disposition for music, her father, the late Mr. George Dance, a well-known man of letters, had provided her with a sound musical education, which now serves her to good purpose, since she has adopted the resolution of exerting her talents professionally for the support of herself and her mother. No such apology, however, is necessary to recommend the song under notice, which proclaims Miss Dance at once a musician of feeling and acquirement.

* "The Last Rose of Summer."

AN ENGLISH DRAMATISTS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

(Continued from page 6.)

In concluding our first notice of Mr. Fitzball's work, we alluded to the *Pilot*. Before, however, entering into any details concerning this, which is, perhaps, his *magnum opus*, we must mention the fact of his being engaged as a regular author at the Surrey theatre, on a stated salary. Certain managers then, as now, kept an author on their establishment, just as they did, and do, a hall-porter or a house-dog. We suppose the reason was that the authors they had employed previously had demanded most exorbitant sums for their productions, as honest men could not possibly object to a fair scale of remuneration for those by whom they made all their money. The circumstance of many of the aforesaid managers having amassed large fortunes, retired, and erected a whole suburb of streets, squares and terraces, or purchased large estates, while we are not acquainted with any authors who, by writing for the drama alone, have done much more than earn a modest—a very modest—income for a time, with a prospect of the workhouse in the background, seems to militate somewhat against the theory we have broached. But we have no doubt there are very good reasons for this discrepancy, although we are too dull to perceive them.

In his character of regular author, Mr. Fitzball produced his tragedy of *Antigone*; *The Barber, or the Mill of Bagdad*; *The Three Hunchbacks*; *Peveril of the Peak*; and *The Burning Bridge*. The tragedy, we are informed, was "too classic a subject for the Surreyites," and was not particularly successful. *The Burning Bridge* was nearly a failure on the first night, in consequence of Mr. Henry Kemble, who played a "sorcerer or tyrant"—from which "or," we conclude the terms "tyrant" and "sorcerer" are synonymous—rushing on the stage and pulling down the whole scene, with his long robes, which had become entangled in it. Nothing was left standing except a solitary orange tree, and the bare walls of the theatre were exposed to view. The audience "laughed consumedly," as Scrub says, but they allowed the curtain to be dropped, the scene to be reset, and the performance to begin afresh. The piece then went off very well. But this was not the only accident that happened during its run. At the conclusion, a female spectre has to rise from a lake. One night her dress caught fire, and a Mr. Leslie, who played the said spectre, tearing off his ghost-like apparel, appeared in a Scotch kilt, ready for the after-piece, *Waverley*. We are sorry to say that the unfortunate gentleman was very much hurt, by jumping down from his elevated position, and that he never entirely recovered from the injuries he received. By the way, we certainly never knew, before perusing the present work, that the highly intellectual and becoming practice of making gentlemen enact female characters was pursued in any pieces, save certain refined and popular burlesques, founded with an amount of good taste of which there can be no dispute, on some of the most excellent plays and operas brought out.

This theatre, about the period in question, appears to have been especially selected, by envious Fate, for accidents. On the 102nd night of a spectacle called *The Fire Worshippers*, an unfortunate camel fell through a trap, and died in the course of the evening. The first performance of the *The Floating Beacon* took place after the spectacle. One of the actors, however, had been sacrificing rather too freely to the jolly god, and the result was, that the piece itself was nearly being included as a sacrifice among the actor's other votive offerings on the shrine of Bacchus. The curtain fell amidst a hurricane of hisses and groans. The piece was, however, repeated. The delinquent being sober, it was favourably received, and, at the Surrey and Sadler's Wells together, ran 240 consecutive nights.

But to return to *The Pilot*. Things were not very flourishing at the Adelphi, and Terry, the joint manager with Yates, inquired of Mr. T. P. Cooke what was to be done. T. P. Cooke suggested Mr. Fitzball, and, being duly empowered, drove up to

* *Thirty-five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life*, by Edward Fitzball, Esq. London: T. C. Newby, 30, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

the author's house. Mr. Fitzball, it appears, was always subject to toothache, especially while he "lived in Stamford-street." As he resided in that locality at the period in question, it is not surprising that he was suffering from one of his usual dental attacks when T. P. Cooke entered the room. On his visitor's broaching the object of his mission, Mr. Fitzball, who was still smarting from the rejection of *Omaha* by Terry, declined to entertain the proposal, asserting that the manager despised him. T. P. Cooke declared vehemently that the manager did not despise Mr. Fitzball, and suggested that the latter should dramatise Cooper's *Pilot*. Mr. Fitzball did not, however, "cotton" to his subject. In the first place, he had no great faith in T. P. Cooke's powers as a representative of the British seaman, being completely fascinated by the acting of Mr. Gallot, as Jack Junkt, in *The Floating Beacon*. He said he had read the novel and did not like it. "Read it again," replied T. P. Cooke. Mr. Fitzball promised he would. He did so, and in three weeks had completed what he terms "a bold programme of his three acts," with which he set out to T. P. Cooke's residence in Torrington-square. T. P. Cooke, like the celebrated Taffy, the hero of the popular ballad, "was in bed," with an attack of the gout. He received the dramatist kindly, and so did Mrs. Cooke, in spite of the rather provoking fact that Mr. Fitzball had gone up-stairs with dirty boots, thereby considerably soiling the white holland which covered the stair-carpet. Our author had not thought of wiping his boots, for he "was somewhat abstracted." T. P. Cooke was greatly delighted with the sketch, and requested that the MS. might be left with him. Some days elapsed when, one morning, on returning from the Olympic, Mr. Fitzball was much astonished, not to say alarmed, by perceiving, at the bottom of the Adelphi bill, the following announcement:

"In rehearsal, and shortly will be produced, a new original Nautical Burletta, founded on Cooper's popular novel of the Pilot," etc.

Mr. Fitzball hurried home greatly affrighted and rather indignant. He concluded that the joint managers, Terry and Yates, had accepted the piece of some one else, for he could not suppose they would underline his production without previously having communicated with him on the subject. Having taken this cheerful view of the case, he stuck to it with singular pertinacity, despite all his wife's kind endeavours to make him believe there was still a chance of his being mistaken. He would not listen to her. Like many men under similar circumstances, his only consolation was to be miserable. While he was arguing the point, he received a visit from T. P. Cooke, who dispelled all his fears. It was Mr. Fitzball's piece which had been accepted, sketch as it was. Indeed, it had been expressly kept, in order that the author might not alter it. At length it was produced, and, as most of us know, proved eminently successful. The cast included the names of Messrs. Terry, Yates, John Reeve, T. P. Cooke, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam: not a bad list. *The Pilot* ran upwards of two hundred nights. On the night of the hundredth representation, the managers gave a dinner to one hundred persons. The author did not receive an invitation. In compliance, however, with the expostulations of his wife, who assured him that what he considered "insulting neglect," was "an oversight," he went, with a very ill-grace, to the theatre, where he found a place reserved for him, and a cordial welcome, together with numerous apologies for what "really was an oversight." We are informed that *The Pilot* brought the managers upwards of seven thousand pounds.

Some slight objections have, we understand, been raised, by our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, to the course pursued by Mr. Fitzball in adapting Cooper's novel for the stage. Strange to say, they were angry that the characters had been reversed, the Britishers in the drama occupying the place of the Americans in the original. On this subject, Mr. Fitzball remarks:—

"Of course, in dramatising the novel, I was compelled to take great liberties with the original I was compelled to turn the tide a little, and change the plot in favour of our own nation: I was afraid, else, of giving a national offence to the less enlightened portion of the audience. I do not suppose either way that the license would have been refused. But reflections on these points had made me, in the

first instance, decline dramatising the work. I was fearful of meeting any popular prejudice, by which the piece might have been upset; and I hope the expedient I hit upon, which was nothing more than allowable to dramatic tact, gave no offence to any American feeling, for I assure them on the other side of the water that I never entertained for them the slightest *feeling* save that of a brother. And, after all, I hear that they have done themselves ample justice by turning the tables on me again, and I congratulate them on their dramatic tact accordingly."

As we have said, we believe the expedient, although "nothing more than allowable to dramatic tact," and which merely consisted in making the conquered take the place of the conquerors, did give offence on the other side of the water. But the very handsome manner in which Mr. Fitzball alludes to his turning the tide "a little," and in which he congratulates our American cousins on "their dramatic tact," is surely sufficient amends for any liberties he may have taken with the text. By the way, a similar plan might be advantageously pursued by French dramatists with the military romances of Grant and Lever, and the nautical fictions of Captain Marryat. We are convinced that English visitors to Paris would not feel the slightest indignation at seeing any of the above works treated in this fashion.

The next work produced by our author at the Adelphi was *The Flying Dutchman*, which was played nearly the whole of the season, though the managers—most inconsistently, as Mr. Fitzball observes—depreciated its success by comparing it with the extraordinary popularity of its predecessor. In fact, it appears that the long run of Mr. Fitzball's pieces proved injurious to him in the end, as everybody expected they must go at least a hundred nights, and if one of them reached only forty or fifty it was looked on as a dreadful failure. We confess this was rather hard on Mr. Fitzball.

Mr. T. P. Cooke was not contented with his part of Vanderveeken in *The Flying Dutchman*, and, during the rehearsals, merely walked through it. On the first night's representation, however, he made an immense hit, his acting, in Mr. Fitzball's opinion, having in it "a sublimity of awful mystery, which those who have seen him in the part, can alone comprehend."

During a visit Mr. Fitzball made to Hastings, shortly after the production of *The Pilot*, he met Stanfield, then scene-painter at Drury Lane, who suggested to him the story of *The Devil's Elixir* for that theatre, and promised to paint the scenery himself. Our dramatist thankfully accepted the hint, and, in due course of time, forwarded his MS. to Drury Lane, of which establishment Mr. Price was then manager. The MS., however, was returned in a most ungracious fashion, and found its way to the rival house, Covent Garden, where it was produced on the 20th April, 1829, and brought the author in two hundred pounds.

The next pieces from our author's prolific pen were *The Life of Nelson*, *The Earthquake*, and *The Red Rover*. He was then engaged as writer of original ballads and vaudevilles at Vauxhall Gardens, under Messrs. Gye and Hughes. His first effort, a musical burletta, entitled *William and Adelaide*—William IV. had recently succeeded "the first gentleman of Europe"—ran the whole season. The following season, likewise, he was engaged at the "Royal Property." Among those who played in the vaudevilles were Mr. and Mrs. Keeley. Of the latter he relates the following anecdote:—

"Mrs. Keeley charmed everybody by her naïve, sprightly, and natural acting, and her ballad singing. It was curious that we should meet thus in after years: I was once on a visit at Mrs. Cobbold's, at Holy Wells; there was a large party, and a protégé of Mrs. Cobbold—a most extraordinary and gifted child was to play the harp. Everybody was in the drawing-room; the servants all running here and there to wait upon the guests; when, happening to cross a passage, I saw a little child, with eyes resplendent with intelligence, trying to lift a harp nearly three times taller than herself with all the intention of a giant, and carry it into the drawing-room. Of course, the attempt was fruitless, and I, much amused, gladly executed the task for her. I never saw that interesting child again, till, one evening, she recognised me in the green-room of Covent Garden. It was the already popular Miss Goward—my fairy of the harp: now the inimitable Mrs. Keeley."

It was about this time he lost his mother and brother. On

the occasion of his mother's funeral, he returned once more to his native village. He could scarcely believe the houses had not grown smaller and the whole place less. The following story may, perhaps, amuse our readers, and act as a wholesome warning against too great a belief in local antiquities or Wardour-street relics :—

"One thing amused me during my stay. As a matter of curiosity, they showed me at Burwell, a small statue resembling the Virgin, carved in an ancient wall, which they said had been recently discovered, and proved, *beyond a doubt*, that this wall had formerly been part of either a nunnery or a chapel. It might have been, so far as regarded the wall, but for the *Virgin*, she remained as a specimen of my own handywork when I was a lad. So you see how your antiquarians may be misled or bewildered. There is an old cave, at Royston, in Hertfordshire, which you are permitted, for a trifle, to descend by a private entrance, there being no other, through a house. In this gloomy retreat, it seems, a lady hermitess lived in the days of Thomas à Becket. She died in this cave; her tomb is there, with her effigy above it. It was an imitation of this effigy, cut by me in the wall, which was now mistaken for the Virgin of the supposed chapel."

The above reminds us of the supposed ancient shield so highly prized by the antiquary Martinus Scriblerus, till one day an over-sedulous housemaid scrubbed off the rust, and the highly valued memento of the Past turned out to be nothing more nor less than the lid of an old saucepan.

(To be continued.)

THE WORKS OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

(From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

It is now something more than a century ago that a man, with an organisation and existence which must, now-a-days, appear rather fabulous, departed this life; that man was named John Sebastian Bach. He was endowed with sublime genius, and one of the most fertile imaginations it is possible to conceive, but, as he lived nearly always isolated in little towns, where he filled the modest position of organist or schoolmaster, art existed for him only in himself.

Possessing no audience, no appetite, and no fortune, he worked merely for the pleasure he found in what he created, and received no reward for what he did for music except that which he derived from the art itself. His warm soul and vast brain were able to create, at their leisure, immense combinations swayed by grand ideas, without his worrying himself about their external effect, and their effect upon any assembly. At that time very little music was printed in Germany. Nothing of what Bach produced was destined, therefore, to see the light of day; at least, so he believed. Each creation of his genius was put away in a cupboard, and, when finished, followed by a fresh one. There were, consequently, no restrictions, no considerations of success, no formulas of fashion. Hence those unheard-of instances of daring and invention which overflow in his *Passion* on the text of St. Matthew; in his Mass in B minor; in the Psalms; in more than a hundred sacred cantatas, adorned with perfectly original instrumentation; in a prodigious quantity of instrumental music of all kinds; and in an immense number of pieces for the organ—pieces as yet unequalled. Of all that has been mentioned, the only things known of John Sebastian Bach, at the conclusion of the eighteenth century, were a few stray copies of pieces for the organ and harpsichord. When he died in 1750, he was acknowledged to be the greatest organist that had ever existed, but that was all which was known about him. At the commencement of the present century, there appeared, at Leipsic and Zurich, editions of the works of this great man for the harpsichord, especially of his immortal collection of preludes and fugues, entitled *Le Clavecin bien tempéré*. It was only then that the artists of all Europe began to have some slight knowledge of this musical giant, but twenty years more elapsed ere Zelter, Dehn, Mendelssohn, Mossevius, and some few other erudite musicians, discovered at Leipsic and Berlin, in the Royal Library, in the Joachimsthal Gymnasium, and in the archives of the Royal Academy of Singing, the colossal works of which I have just spoken. Germany was moved; solemn performances were given of

some of these works, and struck with astonishment and wonder the audiences summoned to hear them. The scores of the *Passion* and of the Mass in B minor were published. Griepenkerl brought out, in eight volumes, the compositions for the organ; a new, and much more complete edition, in ten volumes, of the works for the harpsichord saw the light of day at Leipsic. Dehn and Roitsch rescued from the dust of the libraries fifteen concertos for one, two, three and four harpsichords, with orchestral accompaniment, and gave them to the world; twelve other concertos for all kinds of instrumental combinations likewise issued from the press. But all these constituted but a trifling part of the works created by Bach's genius.

At last, several enthusiastic artists and amateurs of Leipsic, Berlin, Dresden, Breslau, and Vienna, came to the resolution of publishing a complete edition of the works of one of the greatest masters who ever lived—one more astonishing than all the rest by the strength of his creative powers and the modesty of his life—and of bringing it out with a correctness and degree of typographical magnificence worthy of the subject. The enterprise has been continued for eight years, with a zeal and perseverance beyond all praise, and with pecuniary sacrifices on the part of all associated in the task, for no other purpose than to erect an imperishable monument to art. Now, once allow the perpetual copyright claimed for works of art by the descendants of J. S. Bach's twenty children, and such publishing enterprises, which cost much more than they produce, would become impossible.

Féts, Sen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ANONYMOUS REVIEWS.

SIR.—Allow me to direct your readers' attention to some of the best reviews of music, which are now written, and which may be found in the advertising columns of the *Times* and the *Illustrated London News*. I say best, because the works noticed are always described as of superlative merit, owing, I suppose, to the benevolent nature of the critics who review them. The publishers who quote these reviews in their advertisements are not in the habit of mentioning their authorities, and I must therefore leave you to guess whence they are derived. The fact that every extract is inserted in inverted commas, proves, however, that they are actually taken from newspapers.

From *Messrs. —'*s advertisements I quote the following highly satisfactory and comprehensive panegyrics :—

No. 1.

"This song is of so touching and pleasing a character, that it cannot fail to become popular."

No. 2.

"These songs, all of a joyous character, are admirably calculated to enliven the winter evenings, and promote a happy Christmas."

No. 3.

"This song will be highly admired for its graceful and expressive character. There is a purity of thought, both in the words and music, that cannot be too highly estimated."

No. 4.

"This elegant and fascinating walse elicited the greatest approbation at the last grand state ball."

Mrs. —', the enterprising "farmer" publisher has culled the following choice puffs from some unknown magazines —

No. 1.

"This is decidedly the most useful and best instruction-book we have ever seen."

No. 2.

"One of the most genial and spontaneous melodies we have ever met with."

No. 3.

"The music is worthy of the composer."

No. 4.

"A composition of much beauty, the melody being charmingly simple and graceful."

Messrs. —''s publications are also treated kindly by an anonymous critic, who perhaps receives his reward in cold

viands from the publishers' celebrated establishment for the sale of ham and beef.

No. 1.

"One of the most cheerful, and best ballads by this popular composer."

No. 2.

"A gem from the pen of this popular composer."

Mr. ——, of ——street, does not appear to be so fortunate as his brethren in the possession of press friends, his advertisements being merely flavoured with his own brief, emphatic, and startling assertions, as thus:—

No. 1.

"The most popular quadrille of the day."

No. 2.

"The most popular quadrille ever written."

No. 3.

"The most celebrated of all the celebrated vases of this popular composer."

The journal which favours *Messrs. W. —— & Co.*, with occasional puffs, is kind enough to make them so short and substantial, as to be quotable in a cheap advertisement, thus:—

No. 1.

"A lovely waltz."

No. 2.

"This galop must become popular."

No. 3.

"This polka must become a favourite."

Mr. ——, the poetical and versatile shopkeeper, in —square, does not descend to the use of newspaper aid, in the recommendation of his wares. A new song is generally ushered into the world with a charming little anecdote, which would make its author's fortune as a penny-a-liner to the provincial press, witness:—

"The vicissitudes of fortune have rarely been more sadly exemplified than in the case of Miss ——, the initials of whose maiden name are purposely withheld, because it is easy 'to point a moral and adorn a tale,' without intrusion upon the privacy of domestic misfortune. The heroine of the present ballad was the daughter of a banker, supposed to be the possessor of enormous wealth, enjoying too, more than an ordinary reputation for probity, and for prudence and sagacity in the management of his extensive affairs. This lady had been sought in marriage by one of the richest members of the most wealthy aristocracy in the world; the day had been fixed for the wedding, settlements had been executed; paragraphs about the magnificent trousseau of the bride-elect had excited the wonder and envy of half the fair readers of the *Morning Post*, when the failure of the father of the beautiful *fiancée* was announced; she, poor girl, in addition to her dreadful consternation, had also the mortification of finding herself deserted; coldly abandoned by the noble lord who before had pretended to 'live only in her smile.' Not one by one, but by hundreds, her seeming friends fell away; and she, so lately 'the observed of all observers,' found herself almost literally alone in the world. There was one, however, a noble-minded man, who had often met and secretly admired the fair young beauty. As he loved her for herself alone, her loss of wealth was to him a source of hope and expectation: blest with ample means, and of good birth, he determined to lay himself and his possessions at her feet. In due time he was accepted. Within three years after their marriage, vast estates in Wales were bequeathed to him, yet he still remained in 'that blissful Eden which true love had made.' On a recent anniversary of their wedding-day, the following ballad was found in the boudoir of his beloved; by a most fortunate accident the publisher has the privilege of presenting to the public what he considers to be one of the sweetest compositions of the kind; it is entitled 'The happy day which made thee mine.' The beauty of the music, and the sentiment of the poetry, will, no doubt, command very general admiration. It is a charming specimen of the purely English domestic ballad, and, as a true tale, will excite the sympathies of all its hearers."

*Messrs. ——'s music is fortunate enough to receive the praise of *The Christian World*, and *Jewish Chronicle*, whose reviews resemble greatly the anonymous ones quoted above. For example:*

No. 1.

"Every pianist should have a copy."

No. 2.

"This easy sparkling gem is the universal favourite of the day."

No. 3.

"This admired canzonet will excite a lasting furor."

My first impression on reading all the above numerous paragraphs was that they emanated from the publishers themselves. But a second perusal of the very pointed and mercantile notices, which the *Messrs. —— & Co.* have published from *The Christian World* and *Jewish Chronicle*, convinced me of my error. My present opinion is, that a greater part of the reviews in question may with safety be imputed to *The Jewish Chronicle*, *The Christian World*, *The Nonconformist*, and *Record*.

I am, dear Sir,

Your constant reader, and humble servant,

SPECTACLES.

UNDE DERIVATUR.

SIR,—I beg to inform your correspondent "Es lebe die Musik," that, the melody respecting which he makes inquiry, is the subject of the "Angelus," in Mr. Vincent Wallace's opera, *Maritana*.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

H. W. A. BEALE.

7, Inkermann Terrace, Kensington.

WHAT SORT OF PIANO.

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me in your next paper, if convenient what sort of a pianoforte you would recommend for a professor of music?—whether a square or an upright one (the price to be about £50), and by what maker; and you will greatly oblige, yours truly,

ALPHA.

[Our (advertising) columns are open to any manufacturer of pianos who may be disposed to satisfy the curiosity of our correspondent.—ED. M.W.]

BIG SONGS AND LITTLE SONGS.

SIR,—I am not, in any technical sense, a musical man. So little, indeed, do I know of music and musicians, professionally, that I only became aware of the existence of your journal a few days since. I am, however, one of the public who enjoy a good song, whether it be *scena*, *aria*, *ballad*, or *Lied*, and who loyally pay my shilling, and know not the sight of "paper." I venture, therefore—emboldened by the plain speaking and good common sense which, I find, characterise your periodical—to place before you a grievance under which I suffer.

I allude to the defective manner in which the programmes of concerts are made up. One is constantly finding a heavy—or at least a scientific—vocal piece of music following some trumpery ballad or another. I will give you an instance of this, which, as it occurred only last night at the St. James's Hall "Popular Concerts," is fresh in my mind. In the second part of the concert, we had "Floating on the wind," sung by Miss Leffler, then "I'm a merry Zingara," by Miss De Villar, then "All's well," by *Messrs. Santley and Cooper*, and then—having by that time reached a thoroughly careless and non-considerative state—we were "brought up" by Miss Gerard in "Bel raggio." I must do the last named lady the justice to say that she sang her *aria* very delightfully, and that she introduced some charming variations with great taste. Indeed, I am ready to admit that, notwithstanding the ballads, I have seldom been more pleased. But then it happens that I am tolerably well "up" in "Bel raggio," which, perhaps, many of my friends in the shilling department were not—Miss Gerard might have happened to sing a *scena* or *aria* of which I had never heard—and it was unjust to us, and to the singer herself, that we should have to listen to a piece demanding and deserving some attention and some exercise of the thinking faculties, when we imagined we had given over thinking for the rest of the evening.

I must apologise for being so lengthy; but I do trust these lines may meet the eye of some persons in authority, and that for the future they will let us have the scientific songs and singers first. While we are hungering, let them give us that which will both amuse and instruct us; let them not cloy us first with fritters and sweet omelettes, and then present us with the *pièce de résistance*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PROFANUM VULGUS.

4th January, 1859.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KE^NE as Manager.

MONDAY, HAMLET. Tuesday, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Wednesday and Saturday, THE CORSICAN BROTHERS. Thursday, MACBETH. Friday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, and the PANTOMIME every evening.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Sole Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison. A Morning Performance of the PANTOMIME on Monday, at Two o'clock.

A GREAT SUCCESS OF BALFE'S NEW OPERA,

Which will be repeated every Evening with the NEW PANTOMIME.

ON MONDAY, and every evening until further notice, the performances will commence with the highly successful new and original romantic Opera, composed expressly for the present management, by Mr. W. Bülfe, entitled, SATANELLA; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE. Characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Mortimer, Mrs. Martin, Mr. George Honey, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. H. Corn, Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Terrott, Mr. Kirby, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. W. Harrison, Conductor. Mr. Alfred Mellon. After which a NEW LITTLE PANTOMIME for little people, called LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD; or, HARLEQUIN AND THE WOLF IN GRANNY'S CLOTHING. Characters by Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Frederick Payne, Mr. Henry Payne, Mr. Flexmore, Mr. Barn s, Miss Clara Morgan, Madiles, Morlacchi and Pasquale. Doors open at half past 6, commence at 7.

Private boxes, £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s.; dress-c rels, 5s.; amphitheatre-stalls, 2s. and 2s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr. J. Parsons, where places may be secured Free of any Charge for Booking.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Glorious success of the gorgious Christmas Pantomime, with its beautiful scenery and great transformation scene. The best Pantomime in London. Clown by Tom Matthews. On Monday and during the week, to commence with the Christmas Comœdie Pantomime of QUEEN ANN'S FARTHING AND THE THREE KINGDOMS OF COPPER, SILVER, AND GOLD; OR, HARLEQUIN OLD KING COUNTERFEIT, AND THE GOOD FAIRY OF THE MAGIC MINT; Princess Fame, Miss E. Terry; Truth (the Fairy), Miss A. Downing; Sir Mighty, Mr. G. B. Bigwood; King Counterfeit, Mr. H. Lewis; Harlequin, Mr. W. Smith; Columbine, Miss A. Cushing; Paultoon, Mr. H. Martin; Sprites, by the Brothers Felix and Juan Carlo; X Y Z (Policeman), Mr. W. Lacey; and Clown, by the renowned Tom Matthews. To conclude with a powerful drama called THE WAITS, supported by the Company.

NOTICE.

IN THE PRESS, and will shortly be Re-published, by Subscription, TWELVE SONGS—SIX SACRED AND SIX SECULAR, by E. J. LODGE, for the exclusive benefit of the composer. Subscription One Guinea. The names of subscribers will be published as they are obtained. Full particulars to be immediately announced.—DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO., 244, Regent-street, and BOYNTON AND SONS, 28, Holles-street, will receive and acknowledge subscriptions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"BIRMINGHAM," "C. B." and "STRUWELPETER," will see that they have been forestalled by Mr. H. W. A. Beale.

FAIR AND STRAIGHTFORWARD.—A fair and straightforward search shall be made for the music.

INQUIRER.—It is quite true that M. Roger, the eminent French tenor, translated the text of Haydn's Seasons from German into French, about two years since, and what is more, translated it with distinguished ability.

The CORRESPONDENTS of the *Musical World* are respectfully requested to write all proper names very distinctly, at least once, in each communication they may forward. For want of this simple precaution on their part, typographical errors must inevitably arise very often.

ERRATA.—In our notice of a concert last week, extracted from the *Somerset Herald*, "Miss Summerhayes'" name was misspelt *Somerhayes*. The concert, also, should have been stated to have taken place at Taunton, not Somerset.

In "An English Dramatist's Autobiography," at page 5, line 21 from the bottom of the 1st column, read, "Mr. E. Ball's were sent down instead of Mr. F. Ball's," in the place of "Mr. E. Fitzball's ballads were sent down instead of Mr. F. Fitzball's."

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8TH, 1859.

THE term "National Opera" is very often employed, but we are inclined to think almost as often without any consciousness on the part of those who employ it that it conveys an abstract idea. In England "National Opera," in its strict signification, has never existed. We have had English

opera—that is operatic performances with the vernacular tongue as a medium, such as the English opera of Mr. Bunn, the magnificent but short-lived enterprise of M. Jullien, and the Pyne-Harrison speculation now in progress—but never an institution the conditions of which were such as to justify the name and title of *National Opera*.

Let us endeavour to give our readers some notion of what a National Opera should be—or what a National Opera actually is in some parts of the world.

The best model we can call to mind is the Opernhaus of the Königliche Schauspiele, at Berlin—better than any of the Italian operas, with all their exclusive nationality, better even than the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse, in Paris, though perhaps not better than the Opéra-Comique in the same great metropolis. At the Opernhaus of Berlin, the language used is essentially, and as a first condition, German, while the large majority of operas performed are the compositions of German masters. Here, however, the Prussian theatre differs in no respect from the time-honoured establishment in the Rue Favart. In Berlin, as in Paris, adaptations of foreign works are presented, while in Paris, as in Berlin, these constitute a very small minority (wherein the Opéra-Comique reads its giant *confrère* on the other side of the Boulevard des Italiens a wholesome lesson). The Opernhaus, however, may lay claim to a superiority over every other theatre of the kind in Europe, if only on account of one feature in its constitution. We allude to the custom of annually producing, once or oftener, certain masterpieces of the national school. This is a condition of its existence, a law which it cannot infringe, and by means of which the great masters of dramatic music, who were either Germans by birth, or who, foreigners (like Spontini), wrote for the Berlin Opernhaus, are perpetuated, and from time to time inculcate lessons by which modern German composers can hardly fail to profit.

Thus our model National Opera offers every possible advantage, both to native musicians and the public. The orchestra and chorus are among the best in Germany, the singers on the whole the best, and the repertory a rich storehouse, which the more it is drawn upon the more it yields. The variety of works to be heard at Berlin is unparalleled. The great composers departed are treated with as much reverence as if they were still living and producing, and their memory honoured by frequent revivals of their works. Owing to the admirable system alluded to above, the operas of Gluck are familiar to the Opernhaus public; the noblest monuments of Mozart's genius, from *Idomeneo* to *Figaro*, *Titus*, *Die Zauberflöte* and *Don Juan*, are periodically brought forward; Spontini (adored by M. Berlioz) is represented by his *Cortez*, his *Nourmahal*, and his *Olympic*, no less than by his *Vestalin*; while Weber's *Euryanthe* is no more forgotten than his *Freischütz*. Not to go further into consideration of the illustrious dead, we may add that the composers of the actual hour are constantly brought into request; and that if Meyerbeer, the reigning emperor of dramatic composers (Rossini having abdicated his throne, and Auber on the verge of being an octogenarian), maintains the sceptre which is his right, that is no reason why M. Taubert should not edify the Berlin public with his *Macbeth*, M. Dorn with his *Nibelungen*, and even M. Wagner with his *Tannhäuser*. Then, with regard to foreign operas, no theatre produces a larger variety, from those of Boieldieu and Méhul to those of Auber, Halévy (even Adam), Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and the last of the Italians—Verdi. The result is an eclectic taste on the part of the public, to whose credit be it said, however certain novelties may now and then be the rage,

the Opernhaus is never more densely crowded than on those occasions when the works written for all times—*Fidelio*, *Don Juan*, and the like—are represented. Of course the vicious and art-demoralising system of giving one and the same opera frequently in succession—"runs" of one hundred nights, and so forth—is out of the question. Even in alternation with other operas no single work can be played an immoderate number of times in the course of the year; and this confers upon Berlin a vast superiority over Paris, where the revival of any of the ancient and classic masterpieces is an event of the greatest rarity.* Add to all this, that the Opernhaus itself is one of the most spacious and beautiful theatres in Europe, and something like a correct idea may be gathered of what we have cited as a model National Opera.†

When shall we behold such an institution at home? The Pyne-Harrison prospectus of 1858 vaguely hinted at something of the sort; but how much of it has been realised, our readers know too well. We have no *subvention* here, it is true; but we have free-trade, which is better. We have no *répertoire* of standard national works. Granted; but such an institution would ere long create one.

THE Frenchman, who passed a week in one of the back streets of Portsmouth, and assumed that the objects which met his gaze were fair types of England in general, was at least a faithful historian as far as he went, though he was hasty in the deduction of his inferences. All that he really saw he honestly recorded, and what he did not see he ignored altogether.

But what shall we say of a successor of this bold traveller, who, having gone through the very heart of our metropolis, has written a tissue of rubbish for *L'Europe Artiste*, entitled *Zig-zags dans Londres?* The old Frenchman was wrong, because he had not an opportunity of setting himself right; the new Frenchman is wrong, because he loves incorrectness for its own sake. He stalks about London, with his eyes and ears wide open, but it is only to prove anew the truth of the old saw, which declares that none are so blind as those that will not see.

* As we are simply treating of national *operas*, the question of the *ballet* does not enter into our argument; but it is as well to add here that Terpsichore is quite as magnificently represented at the Opernhaus as at the Académie Impériale.

† An amateur of no little experience in such matters, not long since, made the following, among other reflections, about this theatre:—"The Opernhaus of the Königliche Schauspiele, the largest theatre in Berlin, and one of the most beautiful in all Europe, has been to me the greatest of attractions. Not because in all respects the performers surpass what I have seen and heard elsewhere. On the contrary. With the exception of Mad. Körner" (this was in 1856) "the singers might easily be over-matched; while the chorus and orchestra, numerous and efficient as they are, can by no means be cited as 'perfect.' But the charm is in the *ensemble*, which goes far to establish a theory too often overlooked, with reference to what, though not always directly recognised, is nevertheless, or at least ought to be, the genuine point of attraction in operatic performances. '*Ma femme et quelques poupees*'—the conceited boast of Catalani's husband—does not apply to the representations of either of the great theatres (operatic and dramatic) which, in Berlin, stand under the common appellation of *Königliche Schauspiele*. Everything is cared for, from the first lady and gentleman to the last 'super,' and the issue leaves a strong and most satisfactory impression of completeness. You may feel more or less inclined to criticise, and even at times to condemn individual artists; you may find reason to carp at the orchestra or the conductor; you may, in short, frequently and fairly object to special points; but you can hardly fail to quit the theatre with the consciousness of having witnessed a performance at which everyone engaged did the best that lay within their power to enhance the general effect."

A row arises in the traveller's hotel, and a number of persons, according to his account, overwhelm each other with "le vocabulaire des injures Anglaises," of which vocabulary he gives the following specimens: "Gent, blackguard, rascall, pig, pic-pocket." Now, passing over the fact, that, of the words which might probably be used in a vulgar squabble, two are misspelt, we would just observe that neither "gent" nor "pig" is an English term of abuse. The latter is simply a translation of the French "cochon," and does not belong to us at all; the former, when used as a term of reproach, belongs to the *argot* of a certain clique, who satirically use it to denote a pretended gentleman. But even a member of this clique would never dream of calling another a "gent" in a passion, inasmuch as the expression, in its depreciatory sense, is coolly sarcastic. With the unsophisticated mass, "gent" is simply an abbreviation of "gentleman," and implies no dispraise whatever.

At an English toy-shop in the Strand, the delicate nerves of the traveller were shaken by the aspect of a miniature butcher's-shop and a miniature *Charcuterie*, which revealed to him a very sanguinary taste in English children, justifiable to some extent, he charitably allows, on account of the excellence of English meat. Now the complex toys to which the traveller refers belong to that rare and expensive kind, which never become means of general amusement, but stand midway between the toy and the ornament. As for the *Charcuterie*, the thing itself is unknown to the untravelled inhabitants of London, almost the only specimen of this branch of commerce being a shop in Prince's-street, Leicester-square, patronised by foreigners of the refugee district. If the traveller can read English, and wishes to see the subject of complicated toys, and their use in this country, discussed at length, we refer him to a paper entitled "New Toys," in the New Year's number of Dickens's *Household Words*. There is one thing that Zig-zag did not see in any respectable toyshop of London, namely: those beastly images, which may be found even in the choicest depositories on the Continent—images of children engaged in acts, not in themselves immoral, but totally unfit for artistic representation.

Some of the experiences of our friend are really marvellous. He saw a pugilistic encounter in Fleet-street, the combatants in which had no less than eleven rounds before they were separated, thus, of course, completely stopping up one of the most populous thoroughfares in the world. His ears were split by the sound of church-bells, and greatly should we have been obliged if he had informed us of the particular quarter in which this strange phenomenon occurred. A zealous protestant propagandist thrust into his hand, not a common tract, but a complete French Bible, elegantly bound, and with gilt edges, which proves that the author met almost the only generous Puritan of which the metropolis can boast. Of course, as we were not by the traveller's elbow, we have no right to combat the veracity of his statements, but we cannot avoid the conclusion that, during the period of his sojourn in this island, London was in a most exceptional condition, and looked no more like the London we see every day than it resembled Moscow.

One of his assertions, to the effect that the greater part of our furniture consists of black horse-hair, we can, however, perfectly comprehend. This simply proves, that he was only admitted into common sitting-rooms, and that he saw no more of the best apartments in an English gentleman's house than the old Frenchman at Portsmouth saw of Hyde Park.

Here of course the English gentleman was much to blame

—for surely every drawing-room in London should have been thrown open for the welcome of so acute an observer of English manners as the special correspondent of *L'Europe Artiste*.

THE appalling accidents which occurred last year in the Surrey Music Hall, and recently at the Victoria Theatre, do not seem to have elicited any remedial suggestions. The skilful and the busy are ready enough to write to the *Times*, and proffer their counsel and the results of their experience on matters of minor importance; but, where life and death are concerned (except in railway casualties), there is a less overweening anxiety to rush into print, and even the best qualified to give an opinion are tardy in addressing the public. How otherwise account for the almost total silence with respect to these terrible calamities? Both in the Surrey Music Hall and the Victoria Theatre, a panic was created by the cry of "Fire," which in either case was groundless. The hall and the theatre were equally well provided with outlets capable of disgorging, we are informed, one thousand persons in five minutes; and yet, almost directly after the alarm, the passages were absolutely blocked up. We are therefore bound to infer that, however convenient the avenues, they will not ensure safety under the influence of sudden fright. The instinct of self-preservation often leads people, not otherwise timid, into acts of cowardice. At the Surrey Hall, of two alarms, the first was appeased by a few words of explanation. But the second engendered terror, contention, and death. Not only women and boys, but vigorous adults were seized with the mental contagion, and fled precipitately. At the Victoria Theatre the panic raised by the cry of "Fire" would not have resulted in such fatal consequences, but for the circumstance that a second crowd of visitors was waiting on the stairs for the first to evacuate the theatre.

As it is impossible to prevent sudden alarms in buildings where multitudes congregate, so long as wickedness or weakness exists, it remains to be considered whether anything can be done to insure a certain degree of presence of mind. If a theatrical crowd were repeatedly told that, under such circumstances, the safest way would be to remain motionless until they saw some indications of fire; if it was pointed out that fire, even fed with the most inflammable materials, takes some time to make head, and that a theatre is not built over a powder magazine; if, in short, they were assured that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the alarm is without foundation or caused by some trifling accident from which no danger can accrue, these awful calamities would seldom or never occur. People would have their senses about them, and would not think of running from death before being warned of its approach. But how can this be impressed upon the public mind? Only, or at least, most effectually, by means of placards in the most conspicuous parts of the theatre. With these continually before their eyes, the audience would be less easily taken by surprise, and, at any rate, prepared for emergencies. As every building, where large assemblies collect, is exposed to false alarm, it is worth while considering whether some such method might not be employed. Within a few months, two frightful calamities have occurred from the self-same cause, thirty lives being lost, and as many endangered. If the police have no power to interfere, and do not care to increase their actual labours with measures of prevention, it behoves managers, at least, to weigh the matter seriously.

The accident which occurred on Monday night, at the Polytechnic Institution, was of a different kind. Hundreds

of visitors were descending the principal staircase, when some of the stonesteps leading from the upper landing suddenly gave, and, falling on the flight beneath, carried away a portion of it. It was fortunate that, the majority having left, the crowd was comparatively small, or the consequences might have been far more serious. As it was, one little girl was killed, some eight or ten persons severely wounded, and many more slightly injured. The origin of the accident has been variously stated; but, as an inquest is to be held on the body of the little girl, we forbear at present from remark. The general impression seems to be, that the staircase being unsafe, should have been replaced by a new one, instead of patched up with iron-work and cement. If this be true, the directors may expect a severe handling from the coroner and jury.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE first of this new series, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, was given on Monday evening, at St. James's Hall. Whatever their title, the idea of these entertainments has not been borrowed from the London Wednesday Evening Concerts, for some time so popular at Exeter Hall, nor from the People's Concerts at Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, since there is no orchestra. To compensate for this, the services of eminent vocalists and instrumentalists have been secured, including Madame Viardot Garcia, Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Arabella Goddard, Signor Piatti, and others. The Swedish Minstrels, too—who have obtained a certain notoriety—have been engaged, and will no doubt add to the attraction.

On Monday night, the Swedish Minstrels having abandoned their picturesque, but somewhat too demonstrative costume, appeared for the first time in ordinary plain attire. Mr. Sims Reeves was ill and could not sing. There was a poster on every landing-place announcing the fact, and attached to it the medical certificate. Nevertheless, there was a "row" at the end of the second part, when Mr. Wilbye Cooper appeared to sing a song set down for Mr. Reeves, though for what reason—Mr. Cooper having not only been tolerated, but applauded in the first song allotted to the same gentleman—it is difficult to guess. That the audience, uproarious as they were, and unjust in the bargain, were not inaccessible to gentle emotions, however, was abundantly shown, when Miss Arabella Goddard, with Signor Piatti, ascended the platform, and, despite the yells and shrieks which had driven Mr. Wilbye Cooper and the Swedish Minstrels from the orchestra, threw herself gallantly into the breach, and in an instant, as if by touch of Armida's fairy wand, converted the cries of disapprobation into cheers of unbounded enthusiasm. There was no further interruption during the evening, and even the duet, "All's well," by Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley, was encored.

There was little in the programme to call for more than a passing word. The novelty was Madame Lancia, from Turin, who essayed "Come per me sereno," and "Voi che sapete." In the spring of last year, our own correspondent, from Milan, sent us accounts of an English lady about to make her *début* at the Teatri Regio Turin. She was said to be of high birth, or, at least, allied to a noble family. Madame Lancia selected Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, for her first attempt, and her success was decided, if not extraordinary. After this, we heard little or nothing of her from our correspondent, or from any other source, and must speak of her now as we found her on Monday night. Madame Lancia's voice is a light soprano, over which on the present occasion she seemed, from nervousness, no doubt, to possess very little control. Her style, nevertheless, is refined, and her method Italian. She has no pretensions to be a great vocalist, nor do we think she would ever succeed eminently on the stage. As a concert singer, however, she may aspire to an honourable position. In Mozart's air, while we admired the purity of Madame Lancia's style, we could not approve of the excessive slowness of the *tempo*. The new singer was received with much favour, and honoured with a recall after the air from *Sonnam bula*.

The gem of the concert was Mendelssohn's *Tema con variazioni* for piano and violoncello, executed by Miss Arabella Goddard and Signor Piatti. This most exquisite work created a profound impression on the really musical portion of the audience. In the hands of two such artists nothing short of perfection could be expected; and perfection was thoroughly attained. Miss Arabella Goddard had previously performed Thalberg's *Don Giovanni*, being encored in which she substituted the same composer's "Home, sweet home," which, also, was received with unbounded applause.

The best feature in these entertainments is their brevity. In this respect they pursue a diametrically opposite course to the London Wednesday Evening Concerts, and others of that stamp, the directors of which believed that quantity made amends for quality—a grievous error.

OPÉRA-COMIQUE.

AUBER'S *Part du Diable*, after being played four times, gave way on Wednesday night to the *Diamants de la Couronne*. Except *Masaniello* and *Fra Diavolo*, no opera by Auber has become so familiar to the English public as the *Crown Diamonds*. The beauty of the melodies, the grace and sparkle of the instrumentation, and the liveliness of the story, however improbable, must have ensured popularity with audiences even more apathetic than our own. To exhibit brilliancy of voice and execution, united with histrionic spirit and refinement, without exacting too much from singer or actress, few characters are better suited than Catarina. M. Scribe possesses the rare art of adapting parts to the artists; nay, more, he fits his personages to the theatre for which he writes—drawing a broad distinction between the Grand-Opéra and the Opéra-Comique. Caterina in her own atmosphere is a star of the first magnitude. What M. Scribe has suggested M. Auber has illustrated with wonderful fidelity. In the *Diamants* we have evidences not only of consummate art, as in *La Part du Diable*, but of the inspired composer to boot. Catarina is one of Auber's most brilliant female creations, and naturally a favourite with every French singer. Madame Fauré had more to contend with in Catarina than in Carlo Broschi. Madame and her performances will hardly raise her in public estimation. Her intentions are good, and as an actress she possesses claims to consideration, but Auber's music requires something more than this—qualities, in short, that Madame Fauré does not seem to possess.

Madame Celine Mathieu imparted to the character of Diana a good deal of sprightliness, but her singing was by no means satisfactory. M. Fougères, the tenor, has not improved his position by his impersonation of Don Henrique, which was hopelessly mediocre. Of M. Emon, another tenor, who made his first appearance as Don Sébastien, we are bound to speak even less favourably. The Comte de Campo Mayor of M. Montreuil, and the Rebollo of M. Montclar, were as dull as need be. The band was good, though not so good as in *La Part du Diable*.

We are glad to learn that engagements are "pending" with several artists of "distinguished talent," for, as now constituted, the undertaking can hardly be expected to outlive the winter. With a good company, M. Remusat might not only expect encouragement, but command success.

JULLIEN AT MANCHESTER.

(From the *Manchester Examiner and Times*.)

In the brilliant musical triumphs of the old Free-trade Hall, there were none so significant as those of M. Jullien. His visits were anticipated as Christmas fêtes, and he contrived year after year to set the town in a musical fever. On Saturday night the great hall was in a state of siege for an hour and a half before the opening, and happy were those who had secured tickets for admission at the private entrance in Windmill-street. When the concert commenced, the mass of people was a sight to see, every corner being densely packed; the vast promenade, as well as the great gallery, being equally crowded. M. Jullien brings the best band he has introduced to the provinces for many years, and, added to this, Madame Anna Bishop and M. Wieniawski. It is twelve years since Mad. Bishop left

England for the country beyond the Atlantic. She has returned with a handsome appearance, a voice of great richness and flexibility, and an artistic experience as remarkable for intelligence as facility. Guglielmi's "Gratias agimus tibi" was executed with surprising clearness, rivalling that of the flute of M. Reichert. Nothing could be more complete as a piece of brilliant vocalisation, whilst, at the same time, the sentiment was well sustained throughout. This drew forth a vociferous encore when Mad. Bishop repeated the latter part with undiminished power. "The ballad, "Oh! come again to-morrow" was encored; and when "Home, sweet home" fell upon the ear of the dense mass of people, the response was quite exciting. This beautiful melody Mad. Bishop sang with all the pathos of a fine musical declaimer, and another encore would have been carried but that the audience naturally felt there was a limit to good nature as well as to time.

From M. Wieniawski's youthful appearance, it may be readily understood what a gift he possesses, and what industry he must have devoted to the study of the most difficult of instruments. We all look back—at least all of us who are sufficiently bald or grey—to the days of Paganini, as those in which a new era in violin playing was recognised. The recollection of those almost supernatural features, those weird-like tones, lingers still. It is a triumph indeed, to be able, like M. Wieniawski, to admit comparison to be made, and favourably accepted. In brilliant fancy, M. Wieniawski has never been surpassed. Mendelssohn's celebrated concerto was selected for his first piece. He gave to this masterly composition all its varied expression. The concerto is very long, but, in spite of this, the talent displayed called forth repeated bursts of applause. The *Carnaval de Venise*, which has been given for the last thirty years by every great player, afforded M. Wieniawski an opportunity of letting his hearers know the extent of his gifts as an executant. It is difficult to find adequate eulogy for the marvellous skill displayed. In the harmonies there has certainly been nothing heard so complete; not even by the renowned player to whom we have already alluded. The applause at the conclusion was a perfect ovation, including clapping of hands, shouts, hurrahs, and waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c., &c. M. Jullien has certainly found two "great cards" to play during his preliminary tour, before entering upon that attempt to "soothe the savage breast" in the backwoods, with his "Hymn of Universal Harmony." We trust he will leave the "black and the red" humanities to our friends the missionaries. We have no desire to hear of "Jullien pie" being included among Indian luncheons; and, even setting aside that unpleasant contemplation, we cannot afford to lose a man of so much musical enterprise. M. Jullien has done more to promote the progress of musical taste in this country than any other caterer for the English public, and may yet do still greater things. It is all very well for critical shams to talk of his "charlatanism" as a conductor; he is demonstrative, but this is a part of his temperament, and is surely better than the lethargy of one-half the men who take the baton in hand. When Jullien goes into the orchestra, he gives the true meaning of the composer; the form and colour,—the very spirit; and, what is more, he contrives to interest those who come to listen. The audience, accustomed to his performances, invariably leave their nightcaps at home, enter the room with an anticipation of enjoyment, and leave it with a desire to renew the visit.

We can merely offer a few more words upon the general programme, which included selections from Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, and Rossini, with a variety of those pleasant ball-room compositions, which M. Jullien has made his own. These obtained throughout the evening the most enthusiastic applause. A selection from *Der Frieschitz*, with solos by Reichert, Lavigne, Hughes, and Duhem, was particularly happy; no less so the *Andante*, from the *Jupiter Symphony*, and a portion of the *Pastoral Symphony*, both of which stamped M. Jullien a master in the art of conducting. The valse entitled *Fern Leaves* is one of the very best of its kind, and produced a warm encore; the *Varsovienne*, another equally beautiful. The general expressions of satisfaction were unmistakeable.

PROVINCIAL.

NOTTINGHAM.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The second concert of the Midland Philharmonic Society, on Wednesday evening (Jan. 5), was one of the best ever given, and although the weather was unfavourable, the hall was crowded, between 800 and 900 persons being present. The great attraction was Miss Arabella Goddard, the celebrated London pianist, who, in the first part, played Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor (with orchestra), and in the second, Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." The concerto was heard with delight, and created the utmost enthusiasm, Miss Goddard being unanimously recalled at the end of her magnificent performance. "Home, sweet home," exerted in unrivalled perfection, raised a *furore* almost without precedent; and, in obedience to the rapturous encore that ensued, the young pianist substituted the same composer's "Last rose of summer," with which her admirers were equally enchanted. Never was there a greater sensation produced in music-loving Nottingham. The vocalist was Miss Poole, who gave "Vedrai carino" and some of her favourite ballads with that unaffected simplicity of expression which imparts such a charm to her singing, and always reaches the sympathies of an English audience. The band (under the direction of Mr. E. H. Turpin) played the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, Lamotte's *Rigoletto*, and *Traviata* "selections," a spirited march by Mr. E. H. Turpin, entitled *Coda di Renzi*, the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and that to *L'Italiana in Algeri*—all very well, much more correctly, indeed, than the accompaniments to the pianoforte concerto. Mr. Clinton's first *Duo Concertante* for flute and clarionet, by Messrs. Park and Waterson, was also a feature in the programme. The audience were thoroughly pleased with the performance.

CHEAP CONCERTS AT LEEDS.—The entertainment provided at the Town Hall, Leeds, on Saturday evening last, was a very excellent one, but, unfortunately, owing no doubt, to the unfavourable weather, the attendance was very meagre. The vocalists were Miss Whitham, Miss Clara Vincent, Mr. Delavanti, and the members of the Leeds Festival Choral Society. Miss Whitham was warmly applauded. Miss Vincent, who made her first appearance in Leeds, was encored in "O'er vale and mountain." Mr. Delavanti amused the audience; and the chorus sustained their portion of the programme in an effective manner. Mr. Burton, as pianist and conductor, added to the *éclat* of the concert, and was encored in one of his solos on the pianoforte.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Festival Choral Society having voluntarily proffered their services as a mark of respect to their conductor and chorus-master, Mr. W. C. Stockley, Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation*, is shortly to be performed in the Town Hall.

DUBLIN.—The performance of the *Messiah* announced by Mr. Gustavus Geary came off very successfully. The undress gallery was crowded and the body of the hall well filled. The result was such as to be extremely encouraging to the promoter of the concert, while the effect produced on the audience by the music speaks favourably for the public taste. The laudable project of bringing out works of the kind, with a view, amongst other things, to the gratification and instruction of that large class of the public who could never otherwise hear them, is one for which great credit is due to Mr. Geary. The performance of the oratorio was, upon the whole, unquestionably good. The principal solos were taken, with one or two exceptions, by Miss J. Cruise, Messrs. Geary, R. Smith and Dunne, who also lent their aid in the choruses. The band of choral performers was very large and fulfilled its part creditably. The orchestra was led by Messrs. Moseley and Hughes. Professor Glover conducted, and Mr. G. W. Torrance presided at the organ. The applause of the audience was freely bestowed, not only on the solos, but also on the choruses. "For unto us a child is born," was encored. Amongst the features of the evening, not the least, was the singing of Mrs. Wilson (late Miss L. Clarke), pupil of Mr. Geary. In "He shall feed His flock," she was warmly applauded. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was also assigned to her, and, although not so successful in this as in the other, her style in both was pure and appropriate. The oratorio was a little abridged in order to prevent the concert from being too late; but still—with the exception of "And he shall purify"—the main features were preserved. The next of Mr. Geary's concerts promises attraction of a different character, amongst the artists engaged being Miss Arabella Goddard, and M. Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist.

BELFAST.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The first concert of the Belfast Acraeontic Society, for the present season, took place on Thursday evening the 23rd ult., at the Music Hall. On this occasion, Madlle. de Villars and Madlle. Behrens were engaged as vocalists, and Mrs. Joseph Robinson, of Dublin, as pianist. The concert commenced with Haydn's symphony in C major (composed for the Salomon concerts), which was played by the orchestra with great precision and firmness. Mrs. Robinson played Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," and also selections from Beethoven and Stephen Heller. Our eminent native artist executed these pieces with her usual charm of touch, classical taste, and expression. The lady merited and received unbounded applause. Herr Leo Kervush, the lately appointed conductor of the Society, played a solo for the violin, by David. This artist has manifestly been educated in the Spohr school. His style is large; he has great sweetness of tone, and purity of intonation, and especially distinguished himself in this solo by his smoothness and polish. Madlle. de Villars and Madlle. Behrens, were exceedingly successful in everything they attempted; the expectation of the audience was fully gratified, and these ladies may be said to have achieved a triumph. Some part-songs and glee-s, were sung in a most creditable manner, by members of the Society, and also two songs by distinguished amateurs, which were given with such expression and feeling, as to call forth an encore. The concert terminated with a spirited performance of the overture to the *Barber of Seville*.

M. JULLIEN has commenced his tour in the provinces with more than usual éclat. That his Christmas fêtes should have caused more than ordinary excitement this year, was natural, since they were announced as the last previous to his departure for New York. Moreover, M. Julien is accompanied by M. Wienawski, who, as yet, has been heard in London only, and by Madame Anna Bishop, returned from America with fresh laurels, and singing better than ever. With such attractions, it is not to be wondered at that M. Julien's progress should be everywhere triumphant. In Manchester—as we gather from the *Manchester Examiner* and *Guardian*—he has been received with extraordinary favour.*

At the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, Dublin, M. Poissard, a Parisian violinist, who obtained the first prize at the Conservatoire, in 1848, seems to have produced a great sensation, if we may believe *Saunders' Newsletter*. The qualifications of the artist are thus described by the journal: "Exquisite precision and finish, great power of rapid execution, and a high degree of feeling; and last, not least, faultless truth with respect to intonation." At the same concert Mr. Joseph Robinson joined Herr Pauer in a duet for two pianofortes with brilliant success. The vocalists were Madilles, de Villar and Behrens, Miss Julia Cruise, and Mr. Richard Smith. The programme comprised Beethoven's Symphony in F, No. 8, and the overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Fidelio*. The first two only were given. Beethoven's overture, according to *Saunders'*, "being wisely omitted to shorten the performance." Poor Beethoven!

The *Messiah* was given in the new Town Hall, Leeds, on Christmas Eve; the principal being Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Winn. "Mrs. Sunderland" (says a correspondent), "always admirable in Handel's music, well maintained her position. The other parts have been more successfully represented here, though Mr. Winn sang with much good taste, especially in 'The trumpet shall sound.' The choruses numbered about 120, and the band, under the leadership of Mr. Haddock, about 40. Mr. Burton conducted, and Mr. Spark presided at the organ, the pedal portion of which, being now completed, was used with great effect in the choruses. Last Saturday, we had a touring party, consisting of Madame Amadei, Moille, Sedlatzek, Mr. E. Reeves, and Mr. Allan Irving, with Mr. Spark as pianist and conductor. Mr. Julien with his band, Madame Anna Bishop, and Wienawski, appeared for the first time in the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, nearly 3,000 persons were present. There was considerable enthusiasm, and after Wienawski's *Carnaval de Venise*, something like a 'row,' which originated in consequence of the violinist declining the encore. Madame Bishop was encored in both her songs. The band was as effective as ever; and M. Julien, who was applauded 'to the echo,' has, I understand, expressed his opinion that the Hall is not only beautiful, but the finest in the world. The Madrigal and Motet Society had their annual soirs on Wednesday evening, with Mr. John Gott as their president. The rooms were crowded. The chorus, about 120 in number, gave a varied selection of madrigals and part-songs, in excellent style, and especially distinguished themselves in Dr. Bennett's *May Queen*, now a standard as well as a most popular work in Yorkshire. Miss Helena Walker, Miss Maria Taylor, Miss Benilly, and other pupils of Mr. Spark (who conducted), diversi-

* See "Julien in Manchester."

fied the programme with songs, &c. The sisters Sophia and Annie, have been giving their entertainment, called *Sketches from Nature*, in the Music Hall, during the week."

At Brighton, Madame Oury introduced, at her annual concert at the Town Hall, Madame Anna Bishop and M. Wieniawski, the new violinist. Mad. Bishop, an immense favourite at Brighton, made her first appearance after an absence of ten years, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. M. Wieniawski achieved all that had been predicted of him from his London reputation. The lady adhered to the vocal *morceaux* she had sung at Julian's concerts, Guglielmi's "Gratias agimus" creating the greatest sensation. M. Wieniawski played two solos and a duet with Madame Oury. His success was almost unprecedented. One of the local newspapers, not content with extolling him to the skies, supplies a memoir, in which the imagination of the writer appears to carry him into the regions of the incredible. The cantatrice and violinist, however, did not absorb all attention. Mad. Oury is too great a favourite with the public of Brighton, and her talent too decided, to allow her to be overlooked in any company. Her reputation stands high as a classical pianist, while her compositions, for their elegance and refinement, are conspicuous among the light and sparkling contributions of modern writers for the pianoforte. The audience, although entranced by Mad. Bishop's brilliant vocalisation, dazzled by M. Wieniawski's surprising *tours de force*, had some sympathy left for Madame Oury, whose reception, we learn, was enthusiastic in the highest degree, and whose performances were followed by the heartiest and loudest applause. The weather was extremely unfavourable, and no doubt prevented many from attending, the Hall not being as crowded as was anticipated from such an array of talent being brought together. Madame Dotti - whom the advertisements pronounce the pupil of Rossini, Donizetti, and other celebrated composers - and Mr. E. Reeves, brother of the tenor, were the vocalists. Mr. E. Reeves, by all accounts, does not inherit, in a remarkable degree, the talents of his brother.

THE experiment made by Mr. B. Webster of having female attendants, and of abolishing all gratuities, in his new theatre, appears to be fully appreciated by the public. Any person visiting the New Adelphi knows exactly the expense of his evening's entertainment.

In consequence of the severe indisposition of Miss Swansborough, Miss M. Ternan has been obliged to take that lady's part in the new burlesque at the Strand Theatre.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, a work which served to establish the reputation of its composer in England, and prepared the way for *Elijah*, is announced for performance on Friday next, 14th January. Sig. Belletti will essay the part of the Apostle, and the remaining parts are allotted to Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The choral practices of this Society are appointed to take place on Monday evening, the 10th January, and the succeeding Monday evenings, at eight o'clock, p.m., precisely, until further notice, at 13, George-street, Hanover-square. These practices have not necessarily any reference to public performance, but are instituted principally for the gratification and instruction of the members, and, therefore, strictly private.

ENGAGEMENTS OF ITALIAN ARTISTS.—Mr. Mapleton, the active musical agent, has concluded engagements with the following artists for Italian Opera in London :—Mesdames Enrichetta Weiser (from the Teatro Regio, Turin), Sarolta, Eliria Brambilla, Veneri, Dell'Agneze, and Giuseppe Lemaire; Signori L. Graziani (tenor), F. Graziani (barytone), Mongoni, Mercuriali, Badiali, Fagotti, and Castelli. We have reason to believe that the greater number of the above will form the nucleus of an Italian lyric company, engaged by Mr. E. T. Smith, for a series of performances at Drury Lane during the ensuing season, under the direction of Mr. Benedict.

THE GERMAN ART-PAPER, *Monatschrift für Theater und Musik*, which, as its name implies, has hitherto appeared once a month, will in future be published weekly, under the title of *Recensionen und Mittheilungen über Theater und Musik*. (*Recensions on and Communications concerning Theatres and Music.*)

ROYAL NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.—Mr. John Douglass is not to be outdone in the matter of pantomime. Has he not Tom Matthews for clown!—and is not the name of his pantomime one of the longest ever imagined? Let the reader read—*Queen Ann's Farthing, and the three Kingdoms of Copper, Silver, and Gold; or, Harlequin Old King Counterfeit and the Good Fairy of the Magic Mint*. Here is scope for words and scenic displays. Oh, if the poet were only equal to the painter! But alas!—well, never mind! Farthings and queens, kingdoms and metals, mints and magic! Who would not work such materials to good purposes? The plot is indescribable; and yet we must say we were fascinated in the introduction by Mr. Bigwood's "Sir Mighty," a fellow after our own hearts, who, like the Donnybrook hero,

"Courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,

"He loves all for love, for in that he delights!"—

and in the end carries off the Princess Fame from a thousand suitors. And to this "Princess Fame"—Miss Eliza Terry, we take off our hat. A fairer and more engaging spouse could not have been devised for "Sir Mighty,"—who, no doubt, preferred a stout to an attenuated "Fame," as who would not, gazing on Miss Eliza Terry? The best way to describe the transformation scene is, by supposing all the fixed stars to be put into a kaleidoscope made of the zodiac, and on looking through it to turn it until the most dazzling view is obtained—that may give a faint notion of this new tableau. But then the heavenly kaleidoscope will not provide the fifty fairies like ballerinas, nor clown's "Tippitiwitchet," nor his hornpipe, nor the graceful evolutions of Miss Cushnie, as Columbine, nor many other features, original and comic, not forgetting the sprites, Felix and Juan Carlo. In fine, Mr. John Douglass's pantomime is a magnificent affair from beginning to end, and has already become the delight of the East-enders.

MILAN.—A short time since, a fire broke out near the Teatro Filodrammatico, and the Scala itself was in danger. Luckily the fire was extinguished without any injury being done.

BRUSSELS.—(From a Correspondent).—A *Matinée Muscale* was held some days ago in the saloons of M. Florence, the skillful pianoforte maker, and was attended by a large number of artists and amateurs. This *matinée* was given by M. Depret, a young singer well known amongst the *dilettanti* of Brussels, and already one of those artists who, in foreign lands, best sustain the reputation of the musical school of Belgium. M. Depret sang, as if he had studied and understood the style of the old masters, two airs from the *Clemenza di Tito*, of Mozart, and the celebrated church air of Stradella. We do not know how to congratulate him sufficiently on the manner in which he interpreted these pieces. He sang, also, "Mes seules amours," and the "Départ," by Schubert. This *matinée* of M. Depret is his last in Brussels, as he returns to London, where he has already given a concert in the saloons of Lord Ellerton, one of the most distinguished amateurs of London.

A STRANGE RELIC.—A button, of the size of a Prussian thaler, from a coat formerly belonging to Schiller, has been offered for sale by a Berlin bookseller, of the name of Eugen Mecklenburg, for five thalers. It contains, under a glass, a watercolour sketch by Maria Körner, the mother of the poet, Theodore Körner. The coat, from which it was taken, was presented to Schiller by the Körner family, and returned to them at his death.

KORZEBUS was the author of 219 pieces, containing 489 acts, namely: 15 tragedies, in 49 acts; 60 dramas, in 174 acts; 73 comedies, in 153 acts; 30 farces, in 53 acts; 11 parodies and travesties, in 14 acts; 13 prologues and epilogues, in 13 acts; and 17 operas and operatic pieces, in 33 acts. To these must be added 20 thick volumes of novels, travels, stories, &c.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN has named the first actor of the Theatre Royal in Stockholm, Herr Almlöf, a knight of the Vasa Order, and conferred on him, with his own hands, the insignia attached thereto. This is a mark of distinction which had never before fallen to the lot of any Swedish actor. Almlöf has been for forty years a member of the theatre, and the favourite of the public. At the grand dinner given in his honour on this occasion, 120 persons, including the first dignitaries of the State, were present.

PARIS—(From our own Correspondent).—The Minister of State's Commission of Pitch has at length terminated its labours. The "normal diapason" is agreed upon, and it is to be hoped that the fine ear of M. Achille Fould, and the finer organ of his Majesty the Emperor, may be satisfied. M. Halévy, the well-known composer and perpetual secretary of the Society of Fine Arts, is drawing up the report, which is sure to have a literary value, if not of pitch.

Among other scraps of news, I hear that the King of Holland (a tremendous *dilettante*), has just appointed M. Féétis, director of the Brussels Conservatory, Commander of the Order of the "Oaken Crown;" that at Catania, in Sicily, where Bellini was born, a monument is about to be erected to his memory; and that Katinka Heinefetter, years ago first singer at our Grand-Opéra, recently died at Freiburg, of disease of the heart, at the age of 37.

M. Vivier, the humourist, seems to be getting out of favour with certain of the Parisian class papers, among the rest, *L'Europe Artiste* and *L'Orphéon*, who have lately attacked him somewhat in his own vein. Théophile Gautier, the celebrated *feuilletoniste*, though inclined to espouse Vivier's cause, is generally fathered with the authorship of a singular letter, written in French, obsolete and bad, in the almost unintelligible phrasology of which is conveyed some mysterious advice, by which it is hoped the eccentric cornist and imperturbable *blagueur* may benefit. Although this document has only been circulated surreptitiously, and bears no printer's name, I have been able to obtain a copy, which I subjoin in the original, the task of the translation being hopeless:—

À
EUGÈNE VIVIER.

Je l'ai prévu!

D'abord c'est ta faute.
Puis——n'importe.

L'Europe Artiste ne t'accorde plus. Voici, cher bouquin, la raison. Ou tu serais trop peu accord, ou trop accord. Sois donc d'une humeur accorte (accordable enfin) sans être accord. Ecoute. L'accortise (Paul Smith te le dira) ne coûte rien; et si tu veux qu'on t'accorde il faut le faire accorder, non pas comme on accorde les tuniers, mais comme on s'accorde contre une muraille. La muraille te servira d'accottoir. Il ne s'agit pas ici d'accoudoir simple (mille fois non!)—il s'agit tout bonnement d'un accottoir—l'épaule d'une veuve (Hein!). Prends une veuve—ventre-à-terre. Ne fais pas l'accouchée. Hâte-toi, plutôt. Tu connais la veuve. Mon Dieu. Tu n'es pas hâtaire—tu ne possèdes ni haubergeon, ni cotte de mailles simple—oserais-je le dire?—point même hatelettes. Cré nom d'hâtiveau!—tu as moins de l'hâtiveté, quand il ne s'agit pas de précoces. Il te faut un accord, accorneré que tu sois, il t'en faut comme des accores à un banc. Comme un vaisseau sur le chantier, un tonneau, une malle, sans accord tu es biffé du boulevard. Tu connais la veuve. Elle t'accorera et t'accornera en même temps.

Je l'ai prévu.

D'abord c'est ta faute.
Puis——n'importe.

L'Orphéon ne veut plus que tu grailles. Voici, cher godron, la raison. Ou tu pratiques trop le grabuge (qui n'est pas gracieux) ou tu ne manges que du graillon (et on ne partage pas ton au feu). Prends donc ta gradiue, égorge un gradeau, et invite les ennemis. Attrape une nitée, et sans faire la nique à qui que ce soit, tâche d'être tant soit peut nitouche. Ajoute la nitée au gradeau. Ils en mangeraient. Ni nocher, ni nocturlabe, ni même noctiluque, ne sert à rien—car, quoique tu fasses manger sous la lune, ta veuve mettra dans la nitée, et avec le gradeau (la dondon!), un venin imperceptible,* qui n'admet pas

* Imperceptible même au quifousu, qui ne mange que des rayons d'astre.

de dompte, qui aura un goût des plus détestables, dont on ne se donnera plus raison que les paratiliaires des paratiles. Ton affaire est donc arrangée. Tu as l'air de vouloir manger et boire. Tu ne manges pas et ne bois pas—car on ne t'accorde plus, on ne veut plus que tu grailles. Eux, qui sont accords et qui graillement tout le long, mangent et boivent et meurent. Comprends-tu?

P.S.—Cherche bientôt tes agathodæmones—car tu n'es pas agiologique—que dis-je?—hagiographe. Tu as plutôt la typhonie.

On dit même de toi:

"Il tutoie en parlant ceux du plus haut étage,

Et le nom de Monsieur est pour lui hors d'usage."

Allons! Fais un peu l'ubiquiste (maintenant tu es tant soit peu ubride). Laisse ton esprit à Paris, et transporte ton corps et-cor à Uméginique. L'Empereur noirâtre te tutoiera; tu joueras devant lui; et il te fera cadeau d'un quacamayau, ou au moins penses-y; tu es déjà quadragénnaire! il te créera quadraturier.

Quadraturier à cette heure-ci—et l'heure donc?

Ton dévoué,

PYMOCONE-POLYGONOPE.

M. Sainton, the violinist, who enjoys so splendid a reputation in your metropolis, has just passed through Paris on his way to Switzerland, where he is engaged to play at several concerts. He will return here for the first Concert of the Society of Young Artists, where, among other pieces, he is to perform the violin concerto of Mendelssohn.

There is nothing new at the lyrical theatres. The revival of the ballet of the *Sylphide* for Madlle. Emma Livry has been very successful at the Opéra. The Emperor and Empress attended the tenth performance. On Sunday, the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer was given with Madlle. Caroline Barbot, the *débutante* now in such high favour, for the Pension Fund, and produced receipt of between eleven and twelve thousand francs. At the Opéra-Comique the new tenor, M. Montaubry, continues to make amends by his excellent singing for the mediocrity of M. Clapisson's new opera, *Les Trois Nicolas*; while at the Théâtre-Lyrique the curious version of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* seems to be a fixture.

A ROSSINI IN THE WORKSHOP.—A letter from Barcelona says that Madame Avellanda, the celebrated Spanish poetess, who, with her husband, Colonel Verdugo, aide-de-camp to General O'Donnell, (it was he who was stabbed some time ago by a police spy,) is on a visit to General Dulce, Captain General of Catalonia, in that city, has been the object of an ovation by the working population. It appears that among the workmen in the cotton mills there is a poet and musician of no common powers, named Clave, whose songs, written in the Catalonian dialect, and set to music by himself, are the delight of all the workmen, who are accustomed to sing them in chorus. The Catalonians, and especially the Barcelonese, are the most musical people in Spain, and on Sundays and festivals, hundreds of the latter are accustomed to sing the compositions of this Rossini of the factory, who acts the part of the *chef-d'orchestre*. The poetess thus describes, in a letter to one of our friends, the ovation alluded to:—"Last night an immense crowd of workmen, dressed in their neat Catalonian costume, carrying torches, and preceded by the opera band, came in procession, singing one of Clave's melodies. They filled all the avenues of the captain-general's palace. General Dulce, who seemed highly pleased with this homage paid to Spanish literature, in my person, ordered the palace gates to be thrown open, and those famous Barcelonese workmen, so much dreaded by his predecessors, and who have in times of popular tumult, given so many proofs of their savage energy, soon filled the spacious saloons. The general ordered refreshments to be distributed. Clave, the factory poet, presented me a copy of his work, and another to the captain-general. Notwithstanding all the enthusiasm shown me by these high-spirited people, not one of the crowd went beyond the limits of decorum, and when my husband proposed, as a toast the prosperity of Catalonia, the factory poet thanked him in the name of his comrades with much feeling. It was two o'clock in the morning before they retired. My eyes filled with tears when I reflected that they would be obliged to repair within three short hours to work in their stiflingly hot factories."—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

ETHEL; Romance. By BRINLEY RICHARDS.

For the Piano. Dedicated to Miss Arabella Goddard, 2s. post free. London: Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street. Mr. Brinley Richards has fully embodied in his music the feeling and sentiment contained in Mr. Thackeray's incomparable creation, "Ethel Newcome."

NEW GALOP.—'SANS SOUCI GALOP,' for the Piano, by J. Czerkaski. 3s. post-free. Played every night at M. Jullien's Concerts. London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street.

NEW WALTZES.—"La Bella Contessa" Waltzes, by J. Czerkaski, are published, price 3s., by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

NEW POLKA by ALBERT DAWES.—The "Southdown Polka," for Piano, 1s.; played with immense success by the composer at the Southdown and other balls.—London: Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

NEW CHORAL SONG by Dr. E. G. MONK.—"The Battle of the Baltic," for four voices (two sopranos, tenor and bass), Piano ad lib. in vocal score. 2s. Poetry by Campbell. London: Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

NEW SONG by JULES BENEDICT.—"Now the shades grow deeper" (Nun die Schatten dunkeln). 2s. One of the most charming compositions from the pen of this popular composer. London: Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

REICHARDT'S POPULAR LIED, "Thou art so near and yet so far" (Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern). 3s. One of the most popular songs of the day. London: Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

MEYERBEER'S SERENADE, "This house to love is holy," for two sopranos, two tenors and two basses, without accompaniment, is published in vocal score, 4s.; and in separate vocal parts, 6d. each, by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

MEYERBEER'S ROYAL WEDDING MARCH.—(Quatrième Marche aux Flambeaux). For the Piano. Price 5s. Composed in honour of the Marriage of the Princess Royal of England with Prince Frederick William of Prussia—is published by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

MEYERBEER'S "THE LORD'S PRAYER," for four voices (soprano, alto, tenor and bass), and organ ad lib., with English and Latin text, in score, 3s. Separate vocal parts, 6d. each. London: Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT, by LOUISA YARNOLD. New Song, price 3s. (Companion to the same composer's "Troubadour's Lament.") The poetry by THE HONOURABLE MRS. GREVILLE. Published by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

BALFE'S POPULAR SONG, "I'm not in love remember," 2s. 6d., sung by Madile, Victoire Balfe, and Miss Louisa Vining, &c., is published by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

OH, TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN, 2s. Balfe's new song, dedicated to Miss Bianchi Taylor, is published by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

BACHIANA.—The three compositions of Bach played by Miss Arabella Goddard are, No. 1, Fuga scherzando in A minor; No. 2, Prelude and fugue on the name B A C H, in B flat; and No. 3, Fantasia con fughesta, in D major, price 2s. each. These are the only correct editions, and are published by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

MERRILY, MERRILY SHINES THE MORN (The Skylark's Song), by Alice Foster. Sung by Madame Ruderendorff, and invariably encored, is published, price 2s., by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.

HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, LOSS OF VOICE, IRRITATION of the BRONCHIAL TUBES, cured, and a perfectly clear Voice produced by the use of Wilkinson's, late Wilkinson, Bridge, and Co.'s BRONCHIO-THORACIC LOZENGES, prepared from a receipt of one of the most eminent Physicians of the day.

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IMPORTANT TO SINGERS, &c.

Sir—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of catarrh. I think they would be very useful to clergymen, barristers, and public orators.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

THOMAS FRANCIS, Vicar Choral.

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